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NOTICE TO LEGISLATORS! WITH the resumption of sessions at Harrisburg tonight, the people of Philadelphia expect the members of the Legislature to waste no more time in shilly-shallying, but to enact the new charter legislation at once.

THE BIG TRIP HAS BEEN MADE! SCIENCE and optimism again won laurels. Captain Jack Alcock and Lieutenant Arthur W. Brown have successfully made a nonstop air journey across the Atlantic in sixteen hours.

THE DEMOCRACY OF LABOR THE decision of the American Federation of Labor to admit negro workers to the unions, made unanimously, is likely to be regarded in the future as of much greater consequence than any other action taken by the federation since its foundation.

SECRETARY WILSON'S SENSE WE commend to the attention of the social philosopher two remarks made by Secretary Wilson at the labor convention in Atlantic City.

WHY THE DOCTRINE LIVES IN HIS complaint because the league-of-nations covenant fails to define the Monroe Doctrine in explicit terms, Senor Bonilla, head of the Honduran delegation to the Peace Conference, touches upon a signal virtue of the American policy.

CHAIRMAN HAYS IS WISER THAN THE SENATE His Protest Against Making a Party Issue of the Peace Treaty is Politically Expedient as Well as Fundamentally Sound

NEVER were words more opportunely spoken than those which came from the lips of the chairman of the Republican national committee in Fort Wayne.

POLICE AND THE GOLDEN AGE WHEN the Camden bridge is built, when reformers in Philadelphia politics learn to walk alone, when the western states elect senators with good sense, when the high cost of living becomes low, when all troubles and differences are over between men—in short, when the millennium arrives—traffic policemen in Philadelphia will be permitted to wear summer uniforms of a sort that might not be devised as punishment for grievous sins.

CHICAGO HAS THE NERVE PLANS for spending \$14,000,000 on new apartment hotels in Chicago have been made since the signing of the armistice. Most of them have been made within three months.

THEIR FAVORITE JOKES Some Things Which the Members of the American Press Humorists' Association Think Are Funny

J. A. WALDRON, an ex-president of the American Press Humorists, says that during the years of his editorship of Judge he has so often encountered his favorite jokes in the manuscripts submitted to the magazine—and possibly it has been so often printed by his Honor—that it would be unkind to spring it upon the clientele of the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER, "which has so much original humor that no relics should be permitted in its columns."

DON HEROLD, of Indianapolis, says he hasn't any favorite joke, so compromises on a couple of aphorisms: "Work is the greatest thing in the world, so we should always save some of it until tomorrow."

O. O. MCINTYRE writes: "My favorite joke: The wheeze about the feller coming home souse and upsetting the bowl of goldfish. When his wife yelled down the stairs, 'John, what's that?' he replied, 'I'll teach those damn goldfish to snap at me!'"

MRS. ELIZABETH SEARS writes: "The funniest thing I heard happened last year at Camp Dix, when the Y. M. C. A. personally conducted a passel of writers and editors around the place—figuring on a lot of publicity out of it. A bunch of us were in a dusty lobby, being shown the remount station, and we met a major who had once written a poem himself and was tremendously interested at meeting so many brilliant writers at once, as it were. A merry wit from the New York Tribune was introducing us to the major, he being in command of the remount station and having shown us various courtesies. He was anxious to be nice to us and to show that he really read the magazines and knew our various names."

with government ownership and it is not likely to toy with it now, but it is committed to a policy of regulation of public service corporations in the interest of all the people. It must undo the bedevilment of the railroad problem and it will make it clear to the country at large that no legitimate enterprise has anything to fear from government interference, so that private initiative may be permitted to work unhampered.

If no other motive is potent enough to turn the Senate from its present mad course, it ought to perceive that the warning of Mr. Hays, who has been putting his ear to the ground and listening to good purpose, should be heeded if the Republican party is to be saved from defeat.

Desire for the leaves and fishes is not the highest motive, but it will serve for lack of a better one.

Brass buttons and blue cloth are a tradition in the police service. They insure the maximum of discomfort for the men. The army and even the postoffice department showed how men can be official in appearance and yet comfortable. Other cities here and abroad have found ways in which to garb their traffic men fittingly in the dog days.

In this city a policeman stationed in the middle of a blazing street, buttoned stiffly to the ears in a thick coat, seems no more logical than the damsel who swelters blissfully under summer furs. But the lady provides her own punishment. Men long since dead decreed it for the helpless members of the Philadelphia police force.

My favorite joke is Colonel House. I am eighty-one years old (today). I like paraps and am in favor of the league of nations. I am always in favor of things that nobody understands. It makes life interesting.

KIN HUBBARD, alias Abe Martin, of the Indianapolis News, National Newspaper Service and the Universal Film Manufacturing Company's Screen Magazine, says: "If a feller screwed up his face when he asks for a credit like he does when he's asked to settle he wouldn't git it."

TREVE COLLINS, JR., of the American Newspaper Service and a candidate for membership in the A. P. H., writes: "There is one consolation about crowded street cars: You may be too tired to stand up, but you couldn't fall down if you wanted to."

MRS. DARRAGH ALDRICH writes: "My favorite joke is this new year. That is pretty good for a favorite joke. This is it (a joke is always in two parts): PART ONE—The Jobs: Young Man in Stage Box—This is an awful clever play. Who wrote it? Popular Producer—You did. PART TWO—Why It Is Funny: Perhaps it isn't. But I think it is because I am steadily—and firmly—drawing (original) party-stampet Author's Royalties from the Broadway hit, 'A Prince There Was,' which Billboards and Burbs insist is 'the very funniest thing!'"

A Flood of New Stamps The reconstruction period in Europe is producing many new postage stamps. Hundreds of these already have appeared, and the philatelic albums and catalogues of the future will contain sections and sections which do not now appear in these collectors' columns.

How About the Street-Cleaning Department? "What is civilization? It is the ennobling together at a given time of the accumulations of the past.—Senator Williams in the Congressional Record."

Those who have read the (now obsolete) draft of the peace treaty will doubtless recall that Part VIII, Section 1, Article 244,

Annex 4, Paragraph 6, provides that the German Government shall deliver in equal monthly installments in the three months following the coming into force of the present treaty 10,000 goats, with other livestock.

This department, always striving to be helpful, suggests that if the figure were made in terms of the treaty, and the crown prince might be thrown in with the first installment to make up for the missing goat.

Another thing that annoys us when we read Senate debates is the habit those august statesmen have of referring to George Washington as "George."

Place Orders Now Dear Socrates—Two years ago you were so kind as to send me a formula for dandelion which has been used with great satisfaction and produced comfort for myself and my friends. But picking dandelion blossoms is a slow process; so last winter I searched for a suitable substitute and succeeded in finding the "GEM RAKE." SELF-CLEANING FINE-TOOTHED DANDELION HEADER AND LAWN RAKE, Warranted by the CASHEMANT HARDWARE CO., DISTRIBUTORS, CHICAGO. Another label on the rake specifies the SPECIALTY DIVISION of the Casement Hardware Co. as being more particularly concerned with handling this excellent rake. For such it is. By its use one can collect a quart of buds in a very few minutes. One simply pulls the rake over the plants and when the openings between the teeth are full a wiper operated from the end of the handle enables the operator to empty the rake into a basket at one motion.

For the Child Federation Here's to our young friend Miffin McGill, Who drew one dollar out of his till, Miffin's two weeks old today, And began his career in a generous way. Miffin, if he is given scope, Will develop into a philanthrope.

John A. Cleary Is not chary. He gives us one green engraving: Commentary Does not vary: There's no fun like children-saving.

As for Little Tim Ticklepitcher, he not only sends us his dollar, but writes his own poem, thus: Just Little Tim Ticklepitcher sends one seed Just to make some poor child glad.

Great men have always been trained for their high achievements by stern and perilous labor in youth. Lincoln split rails and hunted wildcats. Clemenceau was a New York commuter and pursued the wild trains of the New Haven Railroad.

THE CHAFFING DISH AGRIEVOUSLY increasing mail makes it necessary to point out certain facts to our clients.

Contributions accompanied by stamped addressed envelopes, if not printed, will probably be returned sooner or later, generally later. Not, however, unless the stamps are very firmly affixed. If they show any evidence of departing from their moorings we steam them loose and steal them.

The fact that we print a contribution does not mean that we think it has any literary merit, nor does it mean that we are willing to discuss with the author his or her chances of literary immortality. It means simply that we were, at the anguished moment when our eye glittered upon it, hard up for material.

Unused contributions are kept in a large packing case beside our desk, into which we occasionally dip and bring forth whatever comes to hand. Outraged clients who want their poems back are at liberty to rummage in this box and rescue their treasures.

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The Ravin' (As Poe might have written it on the night of June 30)

ONCE upon a midnight dreary While I pondered weak and weary Over many a joyous reveler, 'Tis bottled goods galore, As I thought of bar and ralling, All the while my spirit falling. Suddenly I heard a wailing, As if some one had been trailing, Trailing chains before my door.

"Must this prohibition chain Bind around my throat and brain? Who is it that waits outside?" Here I opened wide the door, "Tell me, raven," I demanded, "Speak to a poor soul who's stranded— Will the dry law be remanded, With goblets clinking as of yore?" Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Must our lusty German brewers Pour their beer into the sewers Just because a proclamation 'Tis closed the grogshops during war? Cannot dry decrees be broken? By a word so lightly spoken? Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore!'"

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"Drink some coffee and next found myself slowly, mournfully putting on hat and coat. You can't shave in hat and coat, so I concluded I had decided on Shaw. Slowly undid the front door latch and went off.—The Journal of a Disappointed Man.

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PEACE WITH INDEMNITIES



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THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE

HOW HAPPY is he born and taught More of that serenity another's will; Whose armor is his honest thought, And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are; Whose soul is still prepared for death, Not tied unto the world by care Of public fame or private breath;

Who evades none that chance doth raise, Nor vice, who never understood How deepest wounds are given by praise; Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumors freed; Whose conscience is his strong retreat; Whose state can neither flatterers feed, Nor ruin make oppressors great.

Who God doth late and early pray More of His grace than gifts to lend; And entertains the harmless day With a well-chosen book or friend—

This man is freed from servile bands Of hope to rise, or fear to fall; Lord of himself, though not of lands, And having nothing, yet hath all.

—Sir Henry Wotton (1568-1639).

The German delegates will doubtless have many serious reflections in the Hall of Mirrors.

"Getting it across" and "putting it over" are the middle names of Alcock and Brown.

At one stage of their Journey Alcock and Brown found themselves traveling upside down. That's all right. They didn't do any traveling backward.

What Do You Know? QUIZ

- 1. What is a "ripper" bill?
2. What is the temperature of a cold-blooded animal?
3. What is the capital of Paraguay?
4. Who painted the celebrated portrait of Charles I of England?
5. What is the meaning of the French phrase "bon marche"?
6. Who wrote "The Last Days of Pompeii"?
7. In what part of Mexico is the town of Juarez and after whom is it named?
8. Why is the forecastle of a ship so called?
9. Who was Philip Freneau?
10. What was the Gordian knot?

Answers to Saturday's Quiz

- 1. The Republicans in the Senate have a majority of two.
2. The zebu is the East Indian humped ox.
3. "Lo" as a name for an Indian is factotum derived from the lines from Pope:
'Lo, the poor Indian; whose untutored mind Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind.'
4. The Stars and Stripes was adopted by Congress as the national flag on June 14, 1777, in Philadelphia.
5. "Darbies" is the slang term for hand-cuffs.
6. Baroness de la Roche, a French aviatrice, achieved the woman's record for altitude last week, when she flew to a height of 15,700 feet.
7. A nawab is a native governor or nobleman in India.
8. Charles Lever wrote the novel "Charles O'Malley."
9. William Henry Harrison and Jacob Brown were two generals prominent in the War of 1812.
10. Ludwig van Beethoven wrote the Moonlight Sonata.

Great men have always been trained for their high achievements by stern and perilous labor in youth. Lincoln split rails and hunted wildcats. Clemenceau was a New York commuter and pursued the wild trains of the New Haven Railroad.

An article in the Boston Transcript describes Clemenceau's career as a teacher in a girls' school at Stamford, Conn. Think, says the article,

Think of the Tiger surrounded by a bevy of young things all chattering at once, whenever he dared to call them to order! Think of him as playing "tag" and hide-and-seek—and even some of those old kissing games, out on the hills, near the school-house, chasing some teasing girl far and wide, and sometimes catching her.

We are thinking. Perhaps the teacher's profession has compensations we had not considered when we chose our lifework.

HOCHEUTE